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# The Tinker

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## Sharp's Collection of New & Popular Songs.

### The Lass of Gowrie

Twas on a simmer's afternoon,  
A wee before the sun gaed down,  
My lassie wi' a braw new gown,  
Come o'er the hill to Gowrie,  
The rose-bud, ting'd wi' morning shower  
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bowers,  
But Kitty was the fairest flower,  
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,  
But round her waist my arms I flung,  
An' said, "My lassie, will ye gang,  
To view the carse o' Gowrie?  
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',  
In yon green field beside the shaw,  
And make you lady o' them a'  
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, I'll combine,  
Wi' beauty rare and wit like thine,  
Except yourself, my bonny queen,  
I care for naught in Gowrie!  
Since first I saw you in the sheal,  
To you my heart's been true and leal,  
The darkest night I fear nae de'il,  
Warlock or witch in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,  
The blush upon her cheek soon spread  
She whispered modestly and said,  
'I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.'  
The auld folk soon gied their consent  
And to Mess John we quickly went,  
Who tied us to our heart's content,  
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

### The Tartar Drum

Row thy bark, my gallant lover,  
Pensive o'er the rippling sea;  
And while moonlight gathers round thee  
Sadly sighing, think on me.  
Heath the tulip-trees to meet thee,  
For again thy love shall come,  
When a soft echo's voice responding,  
Tune it mocks the Tartar drum.

Bending o'er my gallant vessel,  
Thee alone shall I behold:  
Like a spirit in the sun beams,  
Born along on waves of gold,  
At the rustic dance or evening,  
Never more thy love shall come:  
Where the mirthful cymbals greeting,  
Joyous sound the Tartar drum.

### THE TINKER.

It's of a lady fair, and she lov'd a gen-  
tleman,  
She couldn't keep his company  
But a little now and then,  
To play upon her tiddy iddy, &c.

She wrote to him a letter, and she  
seal'd it with her ring,  
She bid him come a tinker,  
Above any other thing,  
To play upon her tiddy iddy, &c.

She wrote to him another, and she  
seal'd it with a stone,  
She bade him come immediately,  
She could not lie alone,  
To play upon her tiddy iddy, &c.

With his packet at his back, and his  
long staff in his hand,  
And like a jovial tinker,  
He went to plough her land,  
And to play upon her tiddy, &c.

When he got up to the door, so loud'ly  
he did ring,  
No one was so ready, as  
The lady to let him in,  
To play upon her tiddy iddy, &c.

She took him to the kitchen, and she  
gave the maid the wink,  
To bring this jovial tinker,  
Some victuals and some drink,  
To play upon her tiddy iddy, &c.

Its, I have been a tinker for seven long  
years or more,  
And such a rusty fusty pan,  
I never patched before,  
Since I played upon your tiddy, &c.

First into the kitchen, then into the  
hall,  
And now my song is ended  
I hope I've pleased you all,  
I played upon her tiddy iddy, &c.

### Sweet Poll Adieu.

The gallant ship was under weigh  
When up aloft Tom Halliard went,  
To reef fore-topsail, seeming gay,  
While crew-grief his bosom rent.  
Think not a sniv'ling lubber he  
From stem to stern no lid more true,  
And helm a weather or a lee,  
No tar was e'er so blithe as he,  
Till last he bade sweet Poll adieu.

An enemy appears in sight,  
The tars behold with gladden'd eye;  
Tom breathes, ere they begin the fight,  
To heaven a prayer—for love a sigh,  
Yard-arm and yard arm now they go,  
While clouds of smoke obstruct the view,  
Soon yielding, strikes the cripp'd foe;  
But poor Tom Tom Halliard is laid low,  
And sighs in death, Sweet Poll adieu!

The news was like the thunder dread  
To Poll—Ah me! 'twas sad to see;  
And from that hour he senses fled;  
A frantie wanderer is she,  
O! on the rocky beach she'll stray,  
Where fancy paints her love so true,  
As on that morning fore'd away,  
Which was to bring their wedding day,  
He faintly sigh'd, 'Sweet Poll adieu.

### Canadian Boat Song,

Faintly has tolled the evening chime  
Our voices keep tune & our oars keep  
time,  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn  
Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, & the day-light's  
past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl  
There is not a breath the blue waves to  
curl,  
But when the wind blows off the shore  
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar;  
Blow breezes &c.

Utawa's tide this trembling moon,  
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon  
Saint of the green isles hear my prayers  
Oh grant us cool heavens, and fav'ring  
airs.  
Blow breezes, &c.

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